

Poetry.

The Old Flag.

One voice from sea to sea,
One thought from shore to shore—
"Peace, if without disgrace, still peace may be;
War, if we must have war!"
Cursed be the hand that draweth brand,
While swords with honor can be spared;
May the arm wither which draweth not,
When honor bids the sword be bared.

Peace now for thirty years,
With plenty, hand in hand,
One olive crowned, one crowned with harvest
ears,
Have sat within our land,
Twin sisters dear! To keep them here,
What price would England grudge to pay?
One price alone! Were Honor gone,
How long would Peace and Plenty stay?

Bring out Old England's flag,
Storm-torn from Waterloo!
Fling to the four winds the glorious rag,
And bear it England through—
Through vale, o'er hill, by forge and mill,
Past upland village, coastward town,
Up Scottish strath, o'er Irish rath,
Across Welsh hill and English down.

Salute it, young and old,
With God-speed on its way!
As it ne'er waved but o'er the free and bold,
Pray Heaven it never may.
Still let its course to Fraud and Force
Strike terror from the air;
Still let its sight to down-trod right
Bring hope upon despair.

THE MUTINEER;

—OR—

THE CORSAIR AND HIS VICTIM.

A LEAF OF UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.

BY "THE AMERICAN UNKNOWN."

Concluded.

—O—
MANUSCRIPT.

"He was young, handsome, intelligent, and outwardly appeared the personification of a noble-minded man—but yet he was a fiend! He was of high birth; his father was a wealthy nobleman, and as a noble in his nature as his son was false and deceitful. None knew how steeped in crime that son was! Abroad he lived the life of a villain—at home he appeared a gentleman. When among those who knew him, he cloaked up his iniquities; and so well succeeded in disguising the real blackness of his heart, that he was held up as an example to be followed.

"A short distance from his father's castle lived a poor but worthy laborer, the father of a beautiful daughter, who, happy in the bright innocence of childhood, did not seem to realize the flight of time until she was a blushing maiden of seventeen years. Oh, how her fond father loved her, the type of his wife in Heaven! She was one who could not fail of being loved. Her beauty was irresistible; and, as is too often the case, it was the means of her unhappiness.

"In an evil hour she met the young nobleman. He appeared all that was noble and manly, and she could hardly disguise the admiration his manly bearing excited in her heart. In the course of their acquaintance he was so fortunate as to save her life. Then admiration gave place to gratitude;—why could not that as well give place to love? It did!

"Time passed on, and love at last finished the chain of endearing affection it had begun—in her heart, at least. He, high-born as he was spoke of a speedy marriage with the low-born girl! and could she withhold her hand from him to him she owed her life, and who, also possessed her love? Oh, no! Bright visions of bliss passed before her on gilded wings. She listened to his false and alluring promises, never thinking that he who appeared so manly could prove false to his sworn vows of love and devotion. She was happy in the little world of their love, and thought not of treachery; although her betrothed spoke of trouble. His family connections were of noble birth, and he said they would be opposed to the union; but he also assured her that when they

knew he was really married, they would forget and forgive what might be deemed folly. He told her that a gay marriage and public wedding, befitting his station in life, would expose them to the determined opposition of his father and friends; and that a private wedding at the cottage of her father—who was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing his daughter the bride of a nobleman—would be the best and safest for their happiness. Favoring such a course, he advanced reasons which could not well be confuted; and what cared she how, or where the ceremony was performed, as long as it made her the lawful bride of him she loved? It certainly could make but little difference with her—it might materially injure him; and of course, after duly considering the circumstances, she gave her consent to his proposal. The time which was to witness the consummation of their plighted vows was named, and after many false vows and promises which he never intended to fulfil, the villain retired to his home, and exulted over the contemplated ruin of her whose love he had gained!"

"Great Heavens!" groaned Capt. Whyngates, at this point of the narration, while his voice was husky with excitement—that nobleman is myself, that guilty wretch my son, while the maiden was the only daughter of my bosom friend and companion. Is it not so?

A strange smile wreathed the lips of the Lieutenant; but he paid no other notice to the interruption, and in a moment he continued the story:

"He hastened to his confidential servant and laid his fiendish plan before him, at the same time requiring his aid to carry it out to complete fulfillment. True, he had given his promise and appointed a day for the wedding; but he intended to find a priest to perform the ceremony, in the person of his servant! Such was his plan! Dressed to suit the character, his servant could personate a priest, and none could be the wiser for the time being. All unconscious of her danger, she was duped into the belief that she was soon to become his honored bride. And who would have suspected the plot formed under such circumstances? None!

"He found his servant ready and willing to serve him. Besides the false priest, only himself and the bride's father were to be present with the doomed maiden. The wedding day arrived; the servant performed the ceremony, and all were satisfied. The bride was happy in being the wife of him she loved; and he rejoiced at the successful termination of his plan. For a few weeks they lived happy and contented, but in an evil hour fraught with misery and woe to the maiden, the servant while in a drunken fit, revealed his connection with the unhallowed plot, to the father of the betrayer!

"Like a stunning blow came that evidence of his son's perfidy upon the heart of the nobleman; that one of his race could be guilty of such a crime, was a terrible truth for him to bear. Disgusted, irritated and maddened at his son's misconduct, he bade him make all the reparation in his power, by marrying the maiden lawfully, threatening to disinherit and drive him forth an outcast from his native land, unless his desire was obeyed; but with a scornful smile upon his face, he bade his father do his worst, and boldly refused to make the only atonement in his power!

"With the undying devotion which characterizes woman's love, had the maiden continued to love him; but when she realized her desertion, became conscious of her betrayer's refusal, then a superhuman sternness came over her soul!

"With a curse and vow of revenge, the disinherited and disowned villain hastened from the scene of his disgrace, joined a band of pirates he fell in with, and for years roamed over the seas under the free flag. Immediately after his son's departure, the nobleman, desiring to atone in a manner for his son's misdeeds, made his will, bequeathing nearly all he was worth to the maiden; and then he entered the navy, having served in it in his former days, and was soon raised to the command of a sloop-of-war. Soon after, the once happy maiden suddenly disappeared without informing her father of her determination. Dispirited by his loss, his age and infirmities pressed upon

him, and her father sunk into his final rest, calling upon his absent daughter in terms which called tears from the hardest hearts! She never returned!"

"True, true!" groaned the commander of the Frolic, wiping the drops of agonizing sweat from his brow, while every feature betrayed the terrible emotion which was raging in his heart. Laton, too, seemed much excited, but he continued:—

"Where she had gone, her friends did not know, although they suspected that she had sought the United States. In the various parts of the world he visited, the nobleman made all possible search and inquiry, but in vain. When the maiden left home, she disguised herself, and sailed in a vessel bound from Liverpool to Boston. A few days after her arrival in the latter place, a vessel sailed for the East Indies, and one of the crew was the disguised maiden! None suspected her. The vessel was attacked in the Indian Ocean by a noted pirate—that pirate was the nobleman's disowned son! She instantly recognized him, but he knew not his victim! He captured the Indian and set her crew afloat in open boats. After enduring everything but death, they were rescued by an English frigate. The prospect of war had reduced the navy, and the disguised maiden had but little difficulty in securing a midshipman's warrant, and after serving several years, she received a Lieutenant's commission, as war had been declared between England and the States!"

"Finally, with other officers, she was ordered to a sloop-of-war. Judge of her surprise, when upon going aboard, the first two persons she noticed, were intimately connected with her dark fate! the first was her betrayer! the disowned son, and the pirate of the Indian Ocean, serving as first Lieutenant; the other was his own father, the nobleman!"

Laton paused, and Capt. Whyngates clutched him nervously by his arm. A strange inkling of the truth—a terribly exciting suspicion burst upon his mind with the rapidity of lightning from the darkened cloud. A train of tumultuous emotions seemed choking his utterance; but by a terrible effort, he shrieked:—

"Merciful Heavens! can my suspicions be true? Tell me—where is that pirate, my son! Can it be that he is—?"

"Yes, he is first Lieutenant of the Frolic; this vessel!"

"My God! 'Tis true!—and his victim—where is that maiden?"

The huge beard was torn from Laton's face and this thrilling reply was breathed upon the awakened senses of the commander:

"She stands before you!"

CHAPTER III.

Terrible was the excitement of the Captain as that thrilling announcement was realized by his heart. Long and anxiously did he gaze upon that well-remembered countenance—then he sprang forward and clasped her in his arms, exclaiming:—

"Heaven be praised! thou art found at last!"

But even in the moment when his wild burst of joy gave a thrilling impulse to the emotions of his heart, he remembered that his own son, a pirate and mutineer, was aboard of the Frolic as Lieutenant. With the aid of the revelation I have made known, the reader can imagine his feelings far better than pen can describe them.

When Laton entered the cabin, immediately after leaving Delnor, the dark eyes of the latter were bent earnestly upon him, and he soon after followed him towards the cabin, securing himself in such a favorable position that he heard nearly all of the conversation recorded, without being observed by Capt. Whyngates or Laton, who were too much excited by their thoughts to pay any attention to aught else. Fearful was his excitement, as he realized all—knew that Captain Whyngates was the father who had disinherited him, and that Laton was his victim in disguise! With a countenance pale and haggard as death, and eyes nearly pressed from their sockets, ere the others recovered from their astonishment, he rushed into the cabin and threw himself upon his knees before them, while he shrieked in tones

which betrayed the emotions of his soul: "Yes, I am he!—the son, pirate, mutineer, and betrayer! God only knows the agony I have endured since you were so deeply wronged! I am mad! I feel its influence upon my soul—remorse has done its work! I am suffering the pains of living fire—but it shall not long be! Your forgiveness is all I crave, and then—am I forgiven [the wrongs I have done you both?"

An affirmative reply was given by both of his listeners—the abject misery displayed in his haggard features, drove the last particle of hate from them.

"Enough! I deeply thank you! Look kindly upon my errors, and may God bless you as deeply as I have suffered!"

Warmly he pressed the hand of each, while uttering these words, and then rushing from the cabin, he threw himself unseen into the ocean! The waters closed above him; his crimes were avenged.

If the reader is acquainted with the events of the war of 1812, he or she is aware that on the morning after the occurrence related above, the sloop-of-war Frolic was captured by the American "Wasp," Jones commander. Both vessels were so disabled, that they were captured by the Poictiers seventy-four, and carried into St. Salvador.

Captain Whyngates never knew how his son met his fate. On the morning succeeding his hasty departure from the cabin, he could not be found aboard of the sloop, and his father and the maiden, as well as the officers and crew, were forced to believe that he had fallen overboard. Perhaps it were better that all remained ignorant of the means of his untimely end.

Soon after entering St. Salvador, Capt. Whyngates retired from active service, and accompanied by the maiden, who had assumed the garment of her sex, he sailed for England; and long was his beautiful residence upon the bank of the Thames, at Gravesend, below London, known as the abode of several happy persons, the prominent ones being Capt. Whyngates and "THE CORSAIR'S VICTIM."

A WORD ABOUT BONNETS.—When Mr. Punch, in his fashion reports, stated that ladies' bonnets would this season be worn on the small of the back, he only slightly exaggerated the reality which has come to pass. We believe that this article of the female dress has shrunk to a proportion which renders diminution impossible. Lightly poised upon the remotest peak of the hirsute promontory which decorates the head of beauty, it is calculated to arouse feelings of wonder as to what is its practical value, and why it is worn. Certainly as a protection against the blasts of winter, it is utterly worthless. If the wearers suppose it adds one iota to their personal charms, truth compels us to say that they are victims of a complete self-deception. It is destructive to that air of modesty which every one wishes to observe in a sister or a mother, and has a jaunty air of effrontery. We have a trembling hope that things in this respect will shortly grow better, for we do think that human ingenuity can connect anything uglier, or smaller, if resort be not had to total annihilation. These gauze monstrosities may linger a little longer, tenaciously clinging to the outermost frontiers of weak heads, but the good sense of the community, we doubt not, would rather go back to the scuttle-shaped formations that surrounded our grandmothers, than suffer their relatives and friends to go to and fro in the microscopic fixtures which the fashionable world charitably calls bonnets.

THE EXTINCT AMERICAN RACE.—Amidst the plains of North America, some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square, and octagonal fortifications; walls, 6,000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several storeys and containing thousands of skeletons. These skeletons are the remains of men less slender and more squat than the present inhabitants of those countries. On a vast space of ground at the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Casiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Branco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which now inhabit the same regions.—Humboldt's Travels.

We hope will be produced who are ambitious line, show our friend who sees no reason.

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